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CONTENTS

TROUBLE BREWING

By James Hardiman

2

ILLUSTRATION

By Joyceanna Brock

10

REMOTE CONTROL

By Mark Barnard & Freddy Andersson

11

THE POTION Part 2

By Dutch

15

ONE OCTOBER'S EVE

By Max & Lowell Voltage

24


LETTERS & CLASSIFIEDS

From Our Readers

29



WELL, WHAT D'YA THINK?

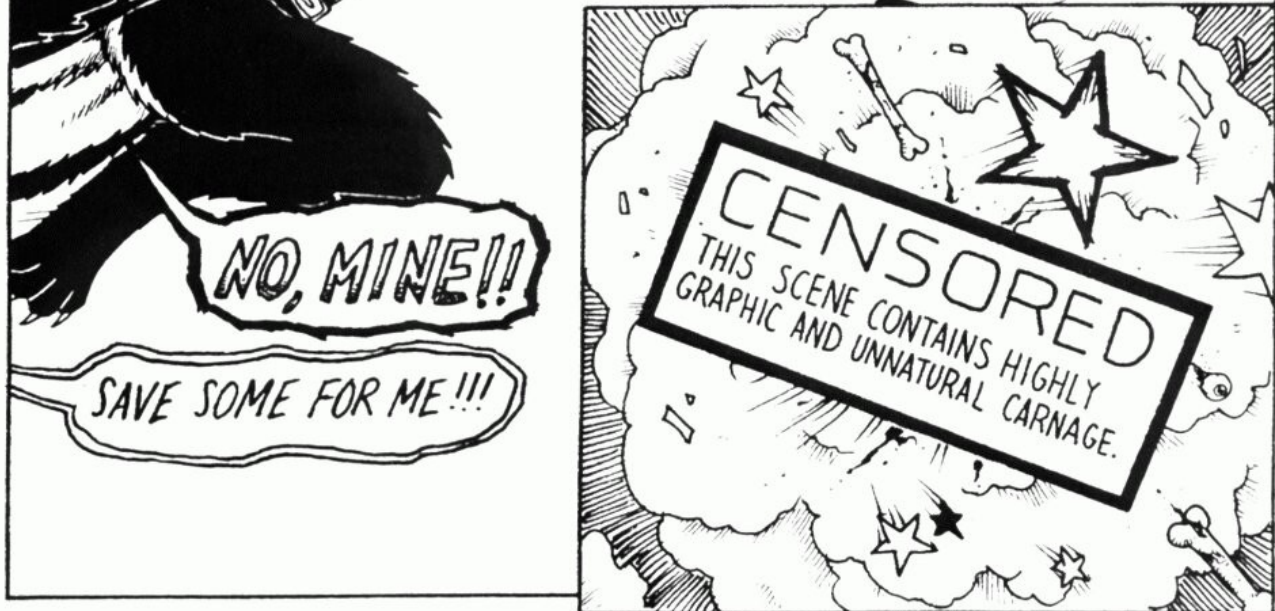


TROUBLE BREWING



STORY, ART & LETTERS BY:
James M. Hardiman ©1997

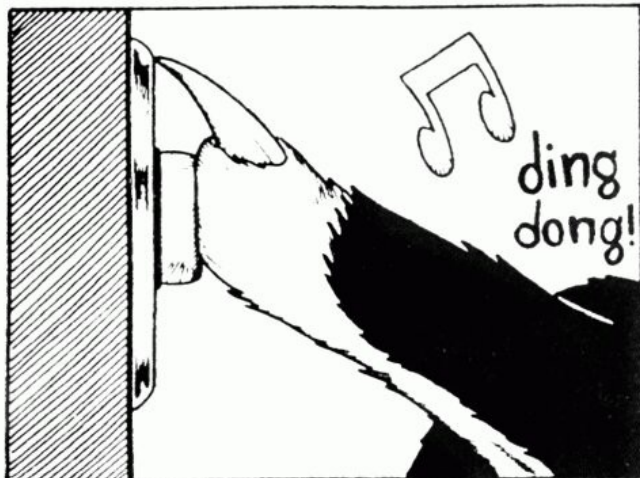




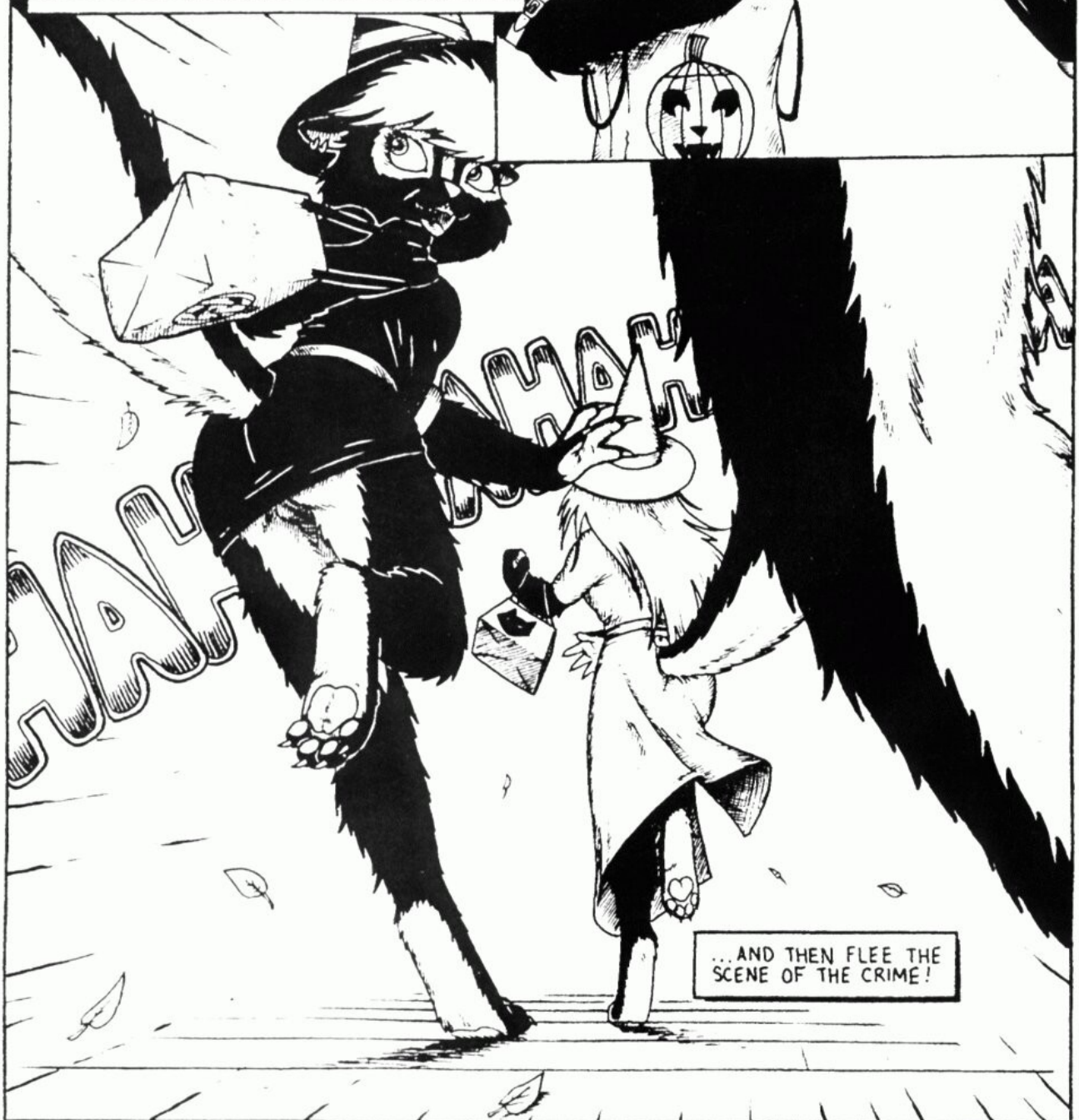


30 MINUTES LATER...





WHILE THE HOME-OWNER IS DISTRACTED,
NATASHA'S SISTERS SPRING INTO ACTION!...





AND SO IT CONTINUES...

SEE? I TOLD
YOU THESE EXTRA
STRAPS AND
BUCKLES WOULD
COME IN HANDY!

mmf!

... HOUSE AFTER HOUSE...

THOSE THAT RESIST, OR ARE
OVER-ZEALOUS, ARE... SHALL
WE SAY... "SHOT DOWN".

SUCH... UTTER...
BEAUTY...

YOU MUST TRULY BE
HEAVEN-SENT.

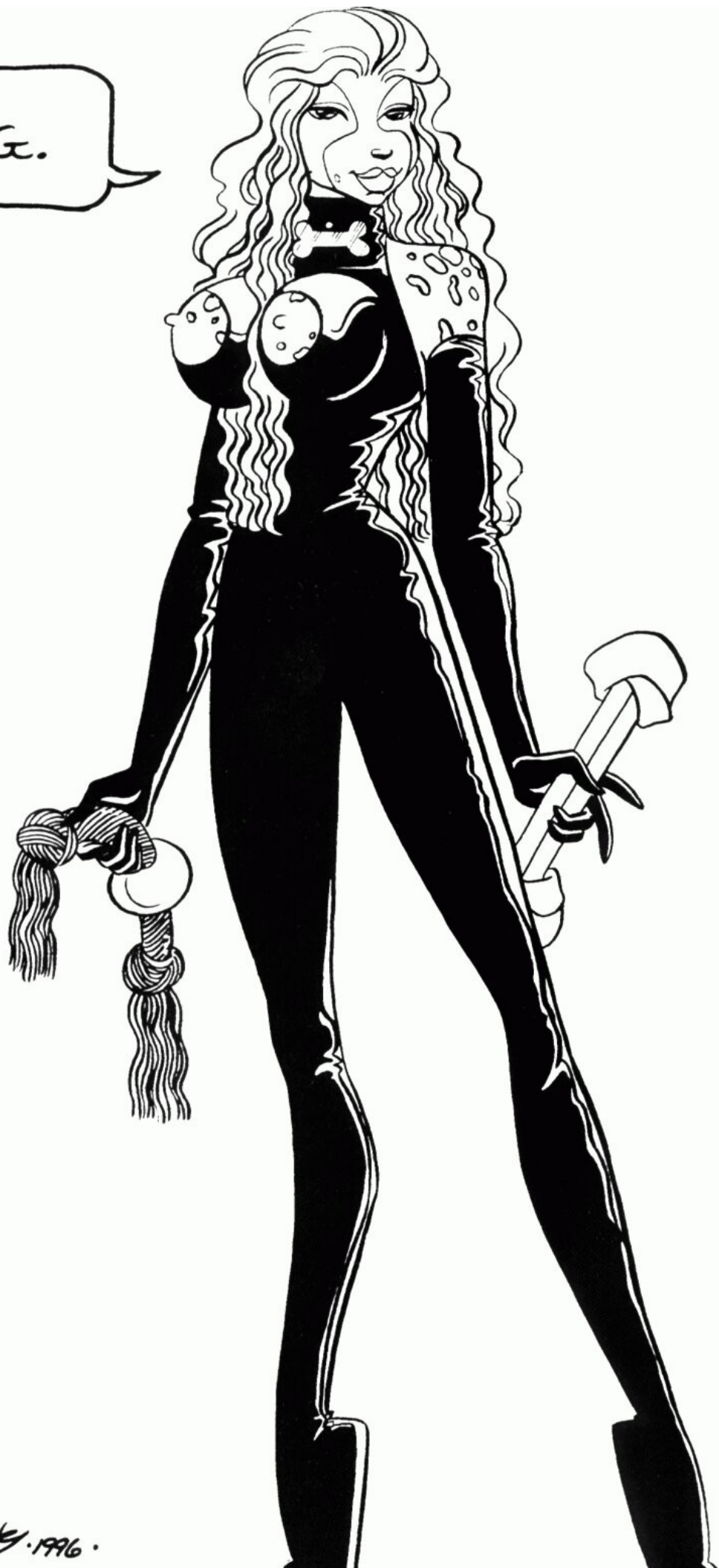
THAT OUGHTA TEACH
YA TO KEEP YER
FILTHY PAWS OFF
MY ASS !!!

GUESS AGAIN,
BUDDY.

can't see...
can't...
BREATHE!!



BEG.



MAN'S BEST
FRIEND...
J. Brocky 1996

SO, WHO'S BUYING AIR TIME
THIS WEEK, OR
SHOULDN'T I ASK?



"KLOK'S HOUSE OF
DAY-GLO SOCKS"?!?



TRY BEING
ENTHUSIASTIC
ABOUT THAT!
I'M LOSING MY
MIND!



WELL....

WE CAN DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT!



HERE?
NOW?

ARE YOU
CRAZY??



YUP.

C'MON, NOW!



VE HAVE VAYS
OF GETTING VHA'
VE VANT!







W. **WILD
THE
MOUSE**

PART 2
STORY AND ART
by **butch**

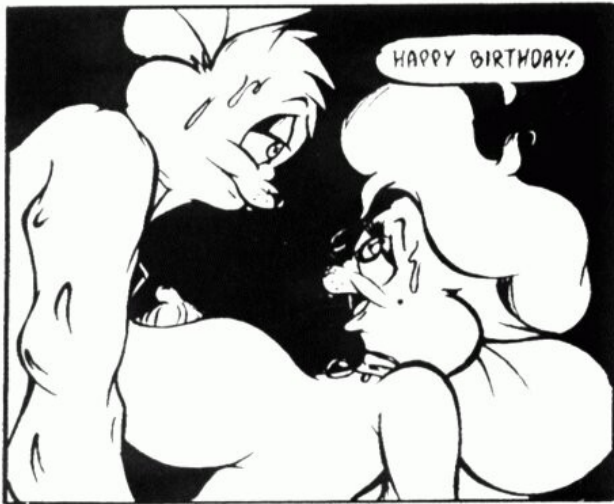
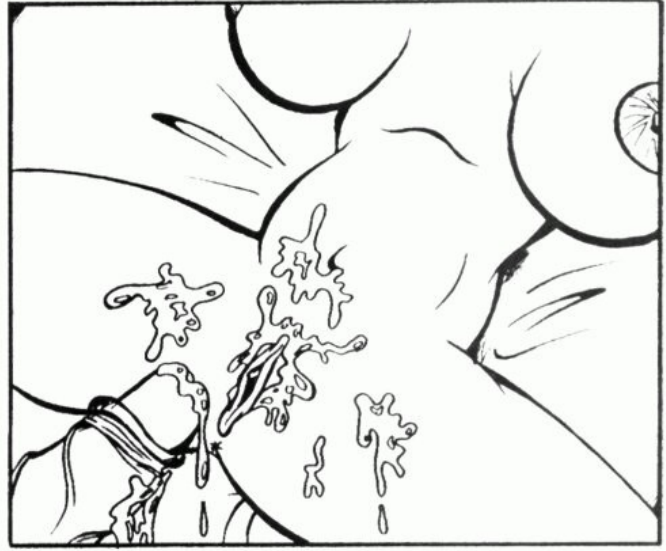
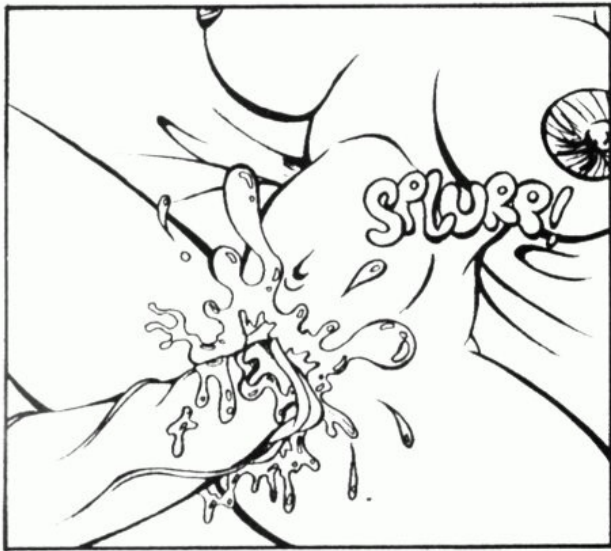
SO READY YOURSELF, MY
LOVE, FOR I AM ABOUT
TO GIVE YOU THE BEST
GIFT A WOMAN CAN
GIVE TO HER HUSBAND!

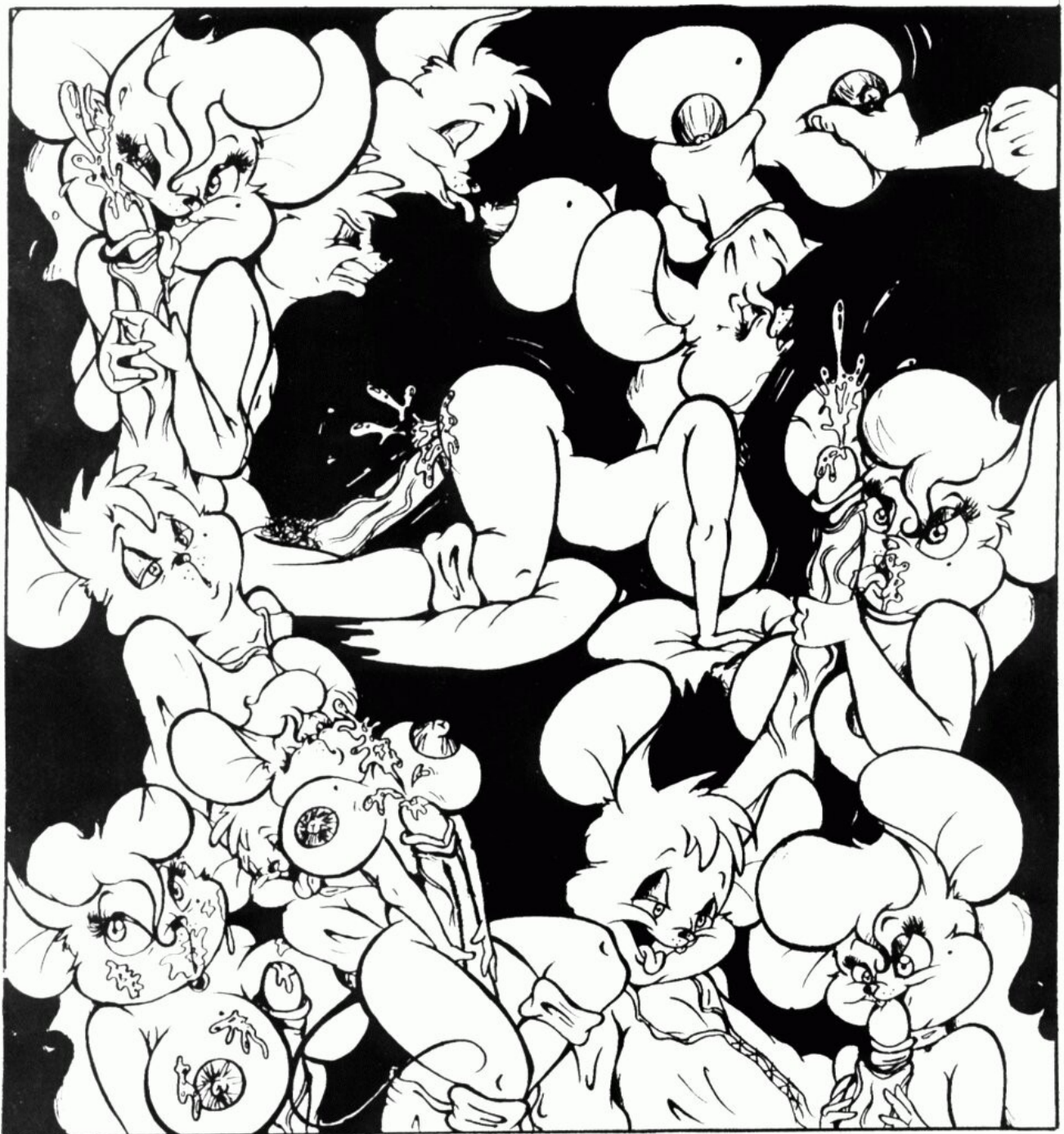




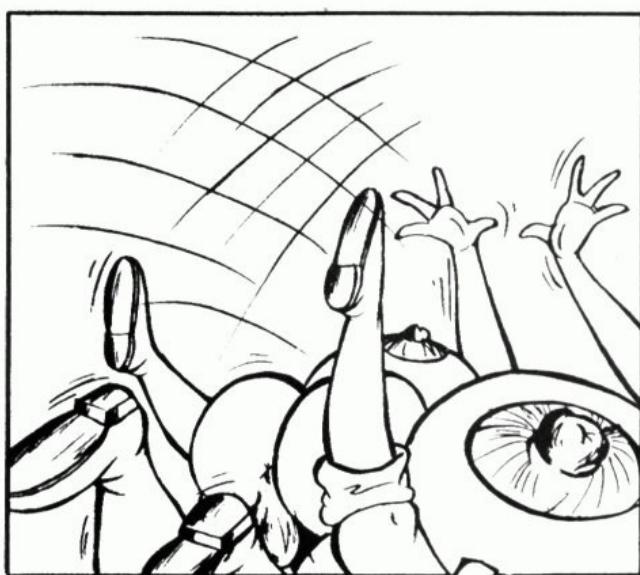














ONE GTOBER'S EVE.

MAX & LOWELL
VOLTAGE

IT'S WRITTEN THAT ONCE
A YEAR THE SPIRITS ARE
LOOSED UPON THE WORLD
TO ACT AND DO AS **THEY**
CHOOSE.

HELLO CARMEN!
WHAT'S OUR WORK
THIS NIGHT?

SAME AS WE DO
EVERY YEAR, ANTONIO.
SCARE THE **LIVING HELL**
OUT OF 'EM!

ACTUALLY, I WAS
CURIOUS AS OF
HOW. ARE YOU
GOING, THIS
YEAR, TRADITIONAL
AS USUAL?

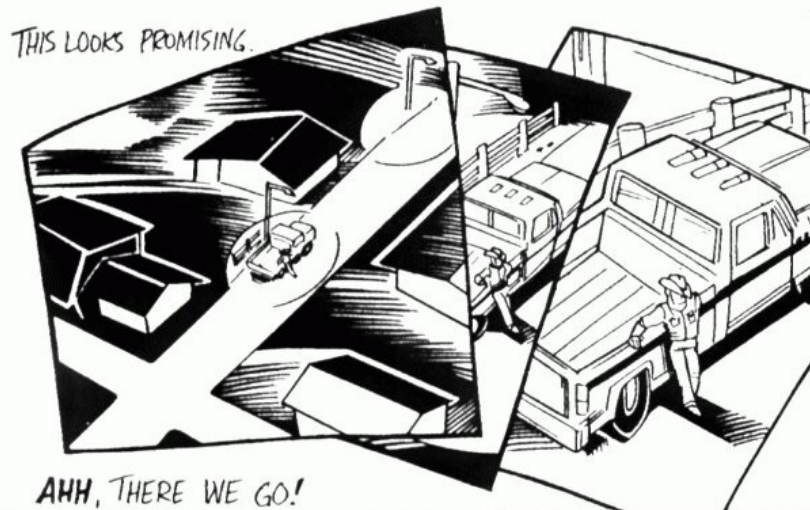
NOTHING BIG.
JUST A LIL'
MAKEUP...

TUCKING IN
SOME BITS HERE
AND THERE...

AND A NICE COVER
TO TOP IT
ALL OFF...

VIOLA!
A PERFECT DISGUISE
FOR THE PERFECTLY
FRIGHTENING.





THIS LOOKS PROMISING.

AHH, THERE WE GO!



THIS ONE WILL DO.



H'LO
SEÑORITA!



I DON'T KNOW HOW IT STARTED.
WE JUST BEGAN TALKING AND IT
WENT FROM THERE. SOMETHING
FAMILIAR ABOUT
HIM FROM SOMEONE
I KNEW! NOT TOO
LONG AGO.



BEFORE
THE
ACCIDENT,
POLICE L



HE WAS A RIG WORKER
FROM MIDLAND. KIND
AND SOFT SPOKEN. NOT
LIKE THE TYPICAL OIL
WORKER.



WE WERE LOVERS
AT THAT TIME.

SOMETIME'S WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER
HE'D TRY TO **PLAY** A BIT COY AT WHAT
HE **REALLY** WANTED, BUT I
KNEW HOW TO **PLAY**
HIM.



A NUDGE
HERE...



A
TUG
THERE...



FROM THEN IT
DIDN'T
TAKE
MUCH.



IN THE END, IT WAS HIS
Body THAT REVEALED WHAT
IT REALLY WANTED.



BY THEN IT
DIDN'T MATTER.
I WANTED HIM
SO MUCH I
COULDN'T WAIT
ANYMORE.







THE FEW TIMES
IN EXISTANCE
WHEN WE ARE
GIVEN CHOICES,
SOMETIMES IN
OUR HASTE TO
DECIDE WE TEND
TO FORGET THAT
SOMEONE ELSE
HAS CHOSEN...
DIFFERENTLY.

— FIN —

